

DRUNKARD'S DREAM

Why Dermot, you look healthy now, your dress is neat and clean,
I never see you drunk about, oh! tell me where you've been,
Your wife and family all are well, you once did use them strange,
Oh! you are kinder to them, how came this happy change?

It was a dream, a warning voice, which Heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from the drunkard's curse, grim want and misery,
My wages all were spent in drink, oh! what a wretched view,
I almost broke my Mary's heart, and starved my children too.

What was my home or wife to me, I heeded not her sigh,
Her patient smile has welcome'd me when tears bedim'd her eye,
My children too have oft awoke, oh! father dear, they've said,
Poor mother has been weeping so because we have no bread.

My Mary's form did waste away, I saw her sunken eye,
On straw my babies in sickness laid, I heard their wailing cry,
I laughed and sung in drunken joy, while Mary's tears did stream,
Then like a beast I fell asleep, and had this warning dream!

I thought once more I staggered home, there seemed a solemn gloom,
I missed my wife, where can she be, and strangers in the room,
I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's dead, she led a wretched life,
Grief and want has broken her heart, who'd be a drunkard's wife."

I saw my children weeping 'round, I scarcely drew my breath,
They called and kissed her lifeless form, forever stilled in death,
Oh! father come and wake her up, the people say she dead,
Oh! make her smile and speak once more, we'll never cry for bread.

She is not dead, I frantic cried, and rushed to where she lay,
And madly kissed her once warm lips, forever cold as clay,
Oh! Mary, speak one word to me, no more I'll cause you pain,
No more I'll grieve your loving heart, nor ever drink again.

Dear Mary, speak, 'tis Dermot calls, why so I do, she cried,
I woke, and true, my Mary dear, was kneeling by my side,
I pressed her to my throbbing heart, while joyous tears did stream,
And ever since I've heaven bless'd for sending me that dream.